

THE WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

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WILLIAM BOOTH

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DAVID M. REE

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Stepping up to the Captain, he politely raised his hat.

See "A CHIVALROUS YOUNG MAN," page 6.



A Pair of Gold S's.

How a Difficulty was Overcome.

After the meeting, says an Officer who visited Java some years ago, I was introduced to a Chinese lady of rank. I discovered this lady was a local officer of the Semarang Corps, and rejoiced in the name of Sergeant Torcet.

She was dressed very becomingly as a Chinese lady. Her jacket was made of fine green silk, richly brocaded; but in front she had worked in red silk the words "Bala Keslamet" (Salvation Army). The S's interested me. They seemed somewhat different from the ordinary. The colour seemed richer. I enquired, and then came the explanation. The Sergeant had determined to wear her ordinary brass S's when visiting her brother, and put them on accordingly; but her brother on seeing them was shocked. His sister was a lady. He could never introduce her to his family and friends while she was wearing common brass S's. He therefore appealed to her to remove them for his sake. Torcet was firm. They represented so much to her. They were the evidence of her Soldiership. She would leave her brother's house rather than part. Her brother, finding it was impossible to move her, got the servant who was attending his sister to remove the offending pieces of brass, and the goldsmith at the corner of the street quickly made replicas in the finer metal, and, unknown to poor Torcet, they were placed in her jacket.

The next day her brother graciously called his family together, introduced his sister with all the usual compliments of a Chinese grandee, and poor Sergeant Torcet was distinguished as being the only Salvationist in the whole world who wore S's made of solid gold.—All the World.

Averting Illness.

Try a Little Semi-Starvation.

Be on the constant look-out to avert illness, and knowledge used in time may often be the means of saving a life.

The Praying League.

General Prayer: "O Lord, be pleased to graciously bless all who are in any trouble, sorrow, or bereavement, and especially need Thy grace and presence and help at this time."

1. That all summertime soul-saving efforts may be crowned with victory.
2. That our venerable General may be sustained in physical and spiritual strength for his strenuous toils.
3. Pray that God's dear people may seek for deeper spiritual life.
4. Pray for the young women who may be hearing a call into

It is not generally realised that when there is any pain in the region of the stomach, no aperient should on any account be administered. It only increases inflammation, does no good, and often does harm.

Should a person complain of a pain on the right side of the abdomen, there is possible trouble with the appendix.

A case in point illustrates how important first aid may be in such a case.

The boy felt this sudden pain, though merely in a slight degree. He was put straight to bed and only given liquid food for supper and no aperient.

The doctor arrived next morning, and pronounced that an attack of appendicitis had undoubtedly been averted, simply because he had been thus treated. A crumb of solid food, and a dose to "clear off the ailment," would probably have caused a bad attack of pain.

People are often far too chary of ordering "slops only," but a little semi-starvation once in a way often does much good.—Cape Town War Cry.

The Value of Method.

How to Avoid Self-Condensation.

Lack of system in the proper disposal of one's time is frequently a factor in spiritual failure. Have we not seen it again and again? Men always busy and yet never doing very much, either in quantity or quality of work. Their reasonable duties take them well on into the night hours, often pinching them for time for prayer and Bible study, and thus they have periodical fits of self-condensation, with bold resolves that they will spend more time in the care of the soul, but simply because they drift into the same "hitty-missy" way of living and working they soon again have to lament declination and failure. It would mean a positive revival in soul-vigour if some Salvationists—and others—were to carefully plan every day, allotting as far as possible, so much time for this, that, and the other, and always including a reasonable spell for the cultivation of the soul. Were every day spent in this way we should be amazed at the amount of leisure time we can squeeze out of what may appear an unduly busy life.—Bandsman, Songster, and L. O.

the ranks of the Women's Social Work.

5. Pray for the restoration of the Chief Secretary, Col. Mapp. SUNDAY, Aug. 27.—Bad Advice. 1. Kings xii. 2-15.

MONDAY, Aug. 28.—Stumbling Block. 1. Kings xii. 16-32.

TUESDAY, Aug. 29.—Warnings Unheeded. 1. Kings xiii. 1-31; xiv. 1-4.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 30.—God Can See. 1. Kings xiv. 5-20.

THURSDAY, Aug. 31.—Multiplying Wickedness. 1. Kings xiv. 21-31; xv. 2-8.

FRIDAY, Sept. 1.—Wrong Set Right. III. Chron. xiv. 2-13; xv. 1-15.

SATURDAY, Sept. 2.—Trusting

Prayer and a Rope.

Remarkable Escape from Death.

Salvationists especially will see in the following thrilling incident something more than a coincidence. Man's and woman's extremity is still "God's opportunity." Would that people recognized and acknowledged His gracious hand more than they do to-day in the affairs of daily life.

The last person to be rescued from the Norwegian steamer, "Vivienne," after she had been cut in two by the Glasgow steamer, Glenelg, off the Lizard in the early hours of Friday morning, June 16th, was Mrs. Jorgensen, who told the thrilling story of her rescue when she arrived at Cardiff late on Friday night.

"After the collision," she said, "I took my money and my watch from under my pillow and picked up my boots and skirt, but when Simon Olsen, the ship's boy, came and knocked at my door I dropped them all. He almost carried me to the wheel-house.

"I called for a rope. It was terrible. The boat was sinking. The water was nearly up to my waist.

"I had given up all hopes and was clasping my hands in prayer when a rope fell right into them. As I clung to it the Vivienne went down beneath my feet.

"I was hauled to the side of the Glenelg, which towered high above me. The coolies pulled me half-way up and then stopped. I found afterwards that they were not strong enough and had to go for aid. I clung on. My arms seemed as if they were being dragged from their sockets, and the strain was so great on my neck and shoulders that I could scarcely breathe. For five minutes I must have been in that awful position. It seemed much longer.

"Weighted with my ordinary clothes I must have let go, but I was only in my night attire, and managed to hold on until, with the help of an engineer, the coolies dragged me on board."—British Social Gazette.

Practical Jokes.

Timely Words of Advice.

Very many practical jokes are not right. They often have

Wrongly. II. Chron. xvi. 1-14; xvii. 1-6.

REASONS FOR NEGLECTING THE BIBLE.

One reason for neglecting the continued reading of the Book is our supposed familiarity with it. We were taught its stories from infancy, and we have read the gospels and the Psalms ever since we began to think about the Lord Jesus. And so we imagine we are familiar with what there is in it, and we do not feel drawn to read it so constantly.

There is our first mistake. We are not so familiar with it as we

a far more serious effect than the one who performs them intends they should. They are often dangerous. Some boys once removed a chair as their Sunday school teacher was about to sit down, and as a result he was injured for life.

Many are deliberately wasteful, such as half-filling a cup of tea with sugar. Others try people's patience. A young man, professing Salvation, filled up the lamp in a strange house with water, and doubtless when a tired mother went to light her lamp, she would find it splutter, and wonder as to the cause. Such an act was certainly unmanly, and unworthy of the Master which the young man represented.

Is some one longing for your old pranks to pass away, and for the "new things"—the "fruits of the Spirit"—to take their place? If so, do not disappoint them.

There are, however, occasions on which a good practical joke may do more good than harm. But before acting on the impulse of the moment, put these questions to yourself: Is it at all dangerous? Is it unkind? Should I object to its being played on me? Is it unmanly or mean? Ought I to employ these moments in doing something else?

And if you are honest with yourself, instead of a little fun at others' expense, you will experience the truer joy which comes from thinking of others' comfort.

Rivet these two "rivets" into your mind: "Never take a mean advantage of anybody"; and "When in doubt don't do it." Be such a character as people can trust and love.—The Warrior.

What is Beauty?

Here are the True Answers.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave, and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro,
Down lowliest ways, if God wills so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care,
(Continued on Page Fourteen.)

suppose. Every new reading brings new light. Of the things that we have read many times we say, "I hardly knew there was such a word in the Bible." And, moreover, a genuine familiarity with the wonderful Book is the only way in which to compass something of its superhuman variety. Each reading is a new reading.

Another reason for our neglect of the Bible itself is our absorption in the ephemeral literature of the time. We stack our tables with papers and magazines, and litter them with the last novels, which we say we never have time enough to read. And nature (Continued on Page 14.)

Note on the Religion of The Salvation Army.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

THE religious faith of The Salvation Army, as I have observed and understand it (for little has been said to me on this matter), is extremely simple. It believes in an eternal Heaven for the righteous and—a sad doctrine this, some of us may think—in a Hell, equally eternal, for the wicked. Its bedrock is the Bible, especially the New Testament, which it accepts as true without qualification from the first word to the last, troubling itself with no doubts or criticisms. Especially does it believe in the dual nature of the Saviour, in Christ as God, and in Christ as man, and in the possibility of forgiveness and redemption for even the most degraded and defiled of human beings. Love is its watchword, the spirit of love is its spirit, love arrayed in the garments of charity.

In essentials, with one exception, its doctrines much resemble those of the Church of England, and of various dissenting Protestant bodies. The exception is, that it does not make use of the Sacraments, even of that of Communion, although, on the other hand, it does not deny the efficacy of those Sacraments, or object to others, even if they be members of the Army, availing themselves of them. Thus, I have known an Army Officer to join in the Communion Service. The reason for this exception is I believe, that in the view of General Booth, the Sacraments complicate matters, are open to argument and attack, and are not understood by the majority of the classes with which the Army deals.

An Instance of Child-Like Faith.

The motto of the Army is "Salvation for all," and, as I have hinted in these pages, it has a sure conviction of the essential persistence of miracle in these modern days. It holds that when a man kneels at the Penitent-Form and "gets converted," a miracle takes place within him, if his repentance is true, and that thenceforward some Grace from on High will give him the power to overcome the evil in his heart and blood.

It believes, too, in the instant efficacy of earnest prayer, and in the possibility of direct communication by this means between man and his Maker.

Here is an instance of this statement. While inspecting the Shelters in one of the provincial cities, I was shown a certain building which had recently passed into the possession of the Army. The Officer who was conducting me said that the negotiations preliminary to the acquisition of the lease of this building had been long and difficult. I remarked that these must have caused him anxiety. "Oh, no," he answered, simply. "You see I had talked with the Lord about it, and I knew that we should get the place in the end."

This reply may cause some to smile but I confess I find such childlike faith touching and even beautiful.

There is small doubt that consciously or unconsciously, The Salvation Army has followed St. Paul's example of being all things to all men, if "by all means" it may save some. This is the reason of its methods which to many seem so vulgar and offensive. Once I spoke to an Officer high up in the Army of this matter, instancing, amongst other things, its brass bands and loud-voiced preaching at street corners.

How the People are Attracted.

"My dear sir," he replied, "if we came to convert you, we should not bring a brass band or send a missionary who shouted out sacred names every minute. Possibly, if we thought that you were open to the influences of music, we might send a first-rate violinist to play pieces from the classical masters, and we should certainly send a man whom we knew to be your intellectual equal, and who could therefore appeal to your reason. But our mission at present is not so much to you and your class, as to the dregs of humanity. The folk we deal with live in a state of noise of which you have no conception, and if we want to force them to listen to us, we must begin by making a greater noise in order to attract their attention at all. In the same way it is of no use wasting subtleties on them; we have to go straight to the main points, which are clear and sharp enough to pierce their drink-besotted intelligences, or to reach any fragment of conscience they may have remaining in them."

I thought the argument sound and well put, and results have proved its force, since The Salvation Army undoubtedly gets a hold of people that few other forms of religious effort seem able to grasp, at least to any considerable extent.

I wish to make it clear, however, that I hold no particular brief for the Army, its theology, and its methods. I recognize fully, as I know it does, the splendid work that is being done in the religious and social fields by other Organizations of the same class, especially by Dr. Barnardo's Homes, by the Waifs and Strays Society, by the Church Army, and above all, perhaps, by another Society, with which I have had the honour to be connected in a humble capacity for

many years, that for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Still it remains true that The Salvation Army is unique, if only on account of the colossal scale of its operations. Its fertilizing stream flows on steadily from land to land, till it bids fair to irrigate the whole earth. What I have written about is but one little esegment of a work which flourishes everywhere, and even lifts its head in Roman Catholic countries, although in these, as yet, it makes no very great progress.

How potent then, and how generally suited to the needs of stained and suffering mankind, must be that religion which appeals to the West and to the East, which is as much at home in Java and Korea as it is in Copenhagen or Glasgow. For it should be borne in mind that the basis of The Salvation Army is religious, that it aims, above everything, at the conversion of men to an active and lively faith in the plain, uncomplicated tenets of Christianity to the benefit of their souls in some future state of existence, and, incidentally, to the reformation of their characters while on earth.

The social work, of which I have been treating, is a mere by-product or consequence of its main idea. Experience has shown, that it is of little use to talk about his soul to a man with an empty stomach. First, he must be fed and cleansed and given some other habitation than the street. Also the Army has learned that Christ still walks the earth in the shape of Charity; and that religion, after all, is best preached by putting its maxims into practice; that the poor are always with us; and that the first duty of the Christian is to bind their wounds and soothe their sorrows. Afterwards, he may hope to cure them of their sins, for he knows that unless such a cure is effected, temporal assistance avails but little. Except in cases of pure misfortune which stand upon another, and, so far as the Army work is concerned, upon an outside footing, the causes of the fall must be removed, or that fall will be repeated. The man or woman must be born again, must be regenerated.

Such, as I understand it, is at once the belief of The Salvation Army and the object of all its efforts. Therefore, I give to my book the title of "Regeneration."

"An Invaluable Social Asset."

Ex-President Roosevelt on The Salvation Army

To "The Outlook," New York City, of which he is one of the Editors, ex-President Theodore Roosevelt has contributed a striking article upon The Salvation Army. Mr. Roosevelt has been greatly impressed by Mr. Rider Haggard's book, "Regeneration," as well as by what he has seen of The Salvation Army for himself. Below we give the full text of his remarkable paper:—

"No history of the thirteenth century pretends to be complete unless it deals with the wonderful religious Revival associated with the rise of the Franciscans; and no history of the nineteenth century, and probably no history of the twentieth century, will be complete that does not deal with the work of The Salvation Army.

"For many years the general attitude of cultivated people towards this work was one either of contemptuous indifference or of jeering derision. At last it has won its way to recognition, and there are few serious thinkers nowadays who do not recognize in The Salvation Army an invaluable social asset, a force for good which works effectively in those dark regions where, save for this force, only evil is powerful.

"At the beginning The Salvation Army was a purely religious body, but those at its head were driven into Social Work because of their sympathy with suffering. They had not planned out their work from the outset; they took it up, piece by piece, just as their hearts responded to appeal after appeal made by the suffering people with whom they were endeavouring to get into touch. They prayed with and preached to men and women weighed down by the sorrows and misery of dire poverty, and then they simply could not leave these men and women without stretching out a helping hand to them. They were brought in contact with wrongdoers and criminals; they learned their secret history, they found how great a proportion of human sin is connected with wretched surroundings, and then they felt it at case until they tried to help and reform those who had been even more sinned against than sinning.

"Thus by degrees their Social Work increased and took on a multitude of different forms, and their constant endeavour was, not only to regenerate the individual, but also, in practical ways, by experiment and trial, to find how best to do away with the circumstances responsible for the individual's fall. They steadily developed their work along the lines of self-help, self-management,

self-support, for one of their great underlying principles is
(Continued on Page 14.)

Promoted to Glory.

SISTER MRS. SQUIRES

OF HAMILTON I.

Death has again visited the Hamilton I. Corps and has taken from our midst Sister Mrs. Squires, wife of Sergt. Squires. Our late Comrade (who before coming to Canada was a soldier at Leyton, Eng.), was never one of the front rank Salvationists, ill-health compelling her to keep in the background, but she was none the less a true soldier of the cross, fighting behind the scenes.

Although for some time past she had known that the end was drawing nigh, she had no fear of death, her trust being in the Saviour, who had brought her forth conqueror in many battles. Her end came suddenly, and although suffering great pain, she passed peacefully to her reward, resting in the arms of the Saviour.

The funeral and memorial service were conducted by Adj. Smith the Commanding Officer, the Hamilton I. Band playing the "Dead March" with great effect.

SISTER MRS. FENTON, OF MONCTON, N.B.

Sister Mrs. Fenton, a tried and faithful soldier of the Moncton Corps has gone to Heaven. Mrs. Fenton was converted at Hopewell Cape during the command of Capt. Whippy, twenty-five years ago, and was an untiring worker until laid aside with sickness. During her five months of continual suffering her faith held fast and her end was peace. She was buried by the Officers and Soldiers of the Corps assisted by Rev. Mr. Batty.

Our prayers and sympathy are with the one daughter, the brothers and sisters who remain.

The question arises in our hearts who will fill the gap and help to Roll the Old Chariot along?—Katie N. Ritchie, Adj.

HOW GOD PROTECTED IN BOXER TIMES.

Mary Porter Gamewell, speaking of her experience during the trouble in China, said, "I am often asked, 'Wasn't it dreadful to be shut up in the city of Peking during the siege?' And I answer, 'Every day we saw God's power exerted for our care. Was that dreadful? When the Boxers set fires designed to blow wup our ammunition and fire our buildings, the wind changed and blew toward their own. This they tried twice, and each time the wind changed. When we needed food a store was unexpectedly found, and when we all sickened of the coarse food a large supply of wheat was found. When our sick and wounded needed a change of diet eggs came to us from an unexpected quarter. We feared that our water supply might be exhausted for our large company of men and horses, and so we had a committee to go about examining the wells, and they reported that they seemed to be fed by inexhaustible springs, as they did not lower,'"

Let us be very careful of thinking, on the one hand, that we have no work assigned to us to do, or on the other hand that what we have assigned to us is not the right thing for us.—Elizabeth Charles.

No office can confer honor on a man who fills it dishonorably.

Struggles Against Officership.

How Ensign Bertha Thompson Tried to Compromise With the Lord, But it Didn't Work Satisfactorily.

SHOULD-BE CANDIDATES SHOULD READ THIS INTERESTING SKETCH.



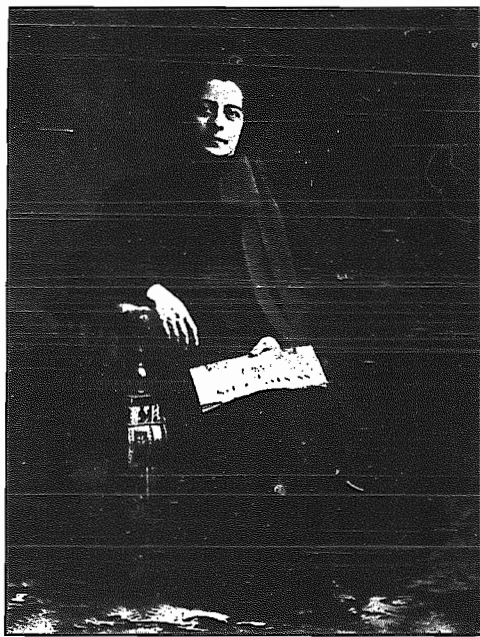
ENSIGN Bertha Thompson's acquaintance with The Salvation Army began when she was a very small girl. When on the way to church one evening with her mother, they passed a small group of people holding a street service.

"Who are those people, mamma?" asked Bertha.

"That's The Salvation Army, dear," replied her mother.

Now Bertha's sole idea of armies was of soldiers and guns, and she was very frightened lest The Salvationists should shoot them as they went past. But her mother calmed her fears by

Also, having been brought up in the fear of the Lord, she had a very keen sense of the duty of daughters toward their parents, and the battle she had to fight out was not to choose between a right and wrong course, but to decide which duty was greater. Being in a strait betwixt the two, as the saying is, she finally attempted to compromise the matter by doing both things at once. Though unwilling to go into the Field as an officer on account of leaving her parents, she thought that she might do quite a lot of good by assisting officers at nearby corps. This plan would enable her to be six months at the



Ensign Bertha Thompson.

plaining that the mission of the Salvation Army was a very peaceable one, and that they tried to save people's souls instead of taking their lives.

On hearing this Bertha became very curious to learn more about this strange Army and the upshot of the whole matter was that mother went to church alone, while her little daughter stayed to listen to the open-air service.

Bertha got to like The Army meetings, and before long she was as enthusiastic "a little Soldier" as could be found in the town of Simcoe. The conversion of her father about this time made a great impression on her childish mind, and the idea began to possess her that perhaps God wanted her to spend her life in saving souls. As she grew up, her convictions on this matter became stronger, and she finally recognised it as the call of God. But—oh those butts—she dreaded to leave her parents. As she was the only girl, the ties between them were very strong.

front and six months at home, and thus she could discharge her double responsibilities. Her mind once made up, it was not long before she began to carry out what she had planned. She chose a corps which was well known as a "hard go" and offered to stay with the officer there during the winter and act as her Lieutenant. The offer was accepted—gladly, we have no doubt—and so Bertha Thompson said goodbye to the old folks and journeyed seven miles away from home to do the work of an officer, though in an unofficial capacity. In the summer she returned home. For several years she worked on this plan, though all the time she felt that she should "launch out into the deep" so to speak, by becoming an officer. But meanwhile another difficulty had crept up. Her father, ever indulgent to the wishes of his only daughter, had purchased her a beautiful little Shetland pony. This pony, which she named "Dandy," became very

dear to her, and at last it really stood in the way of her officership. True, she put Dandy to a good use by making him trot out with invalids who needed an airing, but such "good works" as that did not suffice to still the voice within that was constantly calling to her to become a laborer in the Lord's vineyard.

At last, however, after many years of wavering and temporizing, Bertha Thompson put her Isaac on the altar, and poor Dandy was sold. Then she applied for her officership, and was accepted and sent as Lieutenant to Essex. That was eight years ago. Ridgetown, Woodstock, and Brantford were other corps she was stationed at. At the latter place she was promoted to Captain and then sent in charge of Dresden, Paris, Galt, and Guelph followed, at all of which corps she had good success, winning many converts, and being instrumental in transforming unhappy homes into happy, Christian abodes.

At Galt she had the task of collecting for a new Citadel, and met with splendid success, the townspeople being very favorable towards The Army, and greatly in sympathy with its aims.

Ottawa I. was the next corps she was sent to, and she stayed for two years and three months. She had an exceedingly busy time here, and discovered in herself capabilities that she had not dreamed of when she entered the field. As a soul saver, preacher, teacher, organizer, collector, visitor, book-keeper, humanitarian, social reformer, and many other things that an all round Army officer should be, the Ensign has developed wonderfully since the day when she tried to content herself by being an assistant at a "hard go."

She is an intensely practical officer, and looks at results as the best gauge of success at a corps.

"Something accomplished, something done," is what she likes to be able to say on looking back over her eight years' service as an officer. And not only does she look to a long list of penitents, an increased soldiers' roll, and a good state of finances as certain indications of progress, but she also keeps her weather eye open as to the improvement of Army property. A well kept Citadel and a comfortable Officers' Quarters are indispensable to the Ensign's peace of mind. In one corps she commanded, the state of the grass mat around the Hall did not meet with her approval, so she purchased a lawn mower and meticulously cut the grass with it, thereby greatly improving the appearance of the property, and incidentally winning the approbation of the townspeople. Re-papering and repainting are sure to be in her plan of operations at a corps if there is the slightest necessity for it, and—tell it not in Gath—if an obliging brother does not happen along at the right moment she is as willing to tackle the job herself as to preach a sermon.

The Ensign's present corps is West Toronto, where no doubt she will "make good" and earn the blessing and good will of soldiers and friends, and convert many sinners from the error of their ways.

We pray "Give us this day our daily bread." God answers, "Do thou this day thy daily duty."

The world and its ways

The Prince of Wales.

In his reply to the Address from the people of Wales, read after the ceremony of Investiture, the Prince of Wales said: "The many links of the past, my Tudor descent, the great title that I bear, as well as my name David, all bind me to Wales, and to-day I can safely say that I am in 'hen wlad fy nhadau,' the old land of my fathers." The Prince's Christian names in full are Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David. After the Prince's reply to the address followed the religious service, and then came the three Presentations to the people, first at the Queen's Gate, then at the King's Gate, and finally to the people assembled in the inner bailey of the Castle.



God Bless the Prince of Wales.

Welsh Gold.

It probably came as a surprise to most people to hear that the whole of the gold used in making the various pieces of the Prince of Wales's insignia was obtained from Welsh mines in the vicinity of Carnarvon. These are the St. David's Mine, the Gwynfynydd and the Prince Edward Mine, the only ones producing gold in Wales, and the two last of which are under the control of Mr. Pritchard Morgan. Each mine provided the precious metal for some particular article of the insignia. Thus, the gold for the chaplet was supplied by the Gwynfynydd Mine, that for the verge or wand by the St. David's Mine, and that for the ring by the Prince Edward Mine. The total amount of gold supplied weighed about five pounds. The verge, or rod, is about 2 ft. 8 in. long. The design of the ring consists of two Welsh Dragons interlaced. The chaplet is a circlet of gold adorned with pearls and amethysts. The average amount of gold per ton of quartz produced in the Welsh mines is about the same as that in the South African mines.

New Enemy of Potato Bug.

A science teacher at London, Ont., announces that he has discovered what he believes to be a new sort of beetle, so far as this country is concerned, and which will in time wipe out the Colorado beetle, better known as the it preys upon potato bugs, destroying many of the pests in twenty-four hours. It was found in a potato field near Devizes, a short distance from London, and potato bug. The new beetle resembles the milk leaf beetle, and it is said that where the newcomers are plentiful the Colorado beetles are scarce. Several specimens have been sent to the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph.

The Great Peace Pact.

A mighty impetus has been given to the cause of international peace by the treaties recently entered into by Great Britain, France, and the United States, by which each of these great nations pledges itself to substitute arbitration for war in the case of international disputes. The treaties provide that all differences that are internationally justifiable shall be submitted to The Hague Tribunal unless by special agreement some other tribu-

nal is created or selected. They provide that differences which either party to one of the treaties thinks are not international or justifiable shall be referred to a commission of inquiry, with power to make recommendations for their settlement.

In the event of this commission deciding that any difference referred to it should be arbitrated, this decision is to be binding upon the parties to the treaties.

An Unwilling Insurrecto.

Down in Cuba they have had a very insignificant attempt at

insurrection against the Republic. General Acevedo was the reputed leader, and on surrendering to the authorities he told a strange story. He said that on July 31, he was captured by 12 armed men, who threatened him with revolvers and rifles, and compelled him to sign the manifesto against the republic. After signing the manifesto Acevedo says he was compelled to go away with a guide. At nightfall he says he was deserted by the guide, and he had been wandering until he came to the farm, where he gave himself up. He

said that he had been in hiding because he feared he would be killed by the rural police because of the manifesto which he was compelled to sign. He said that he had decided to remain in hiding until he could communicate with the authorities. He will be tried for rebellion against the Government.

New Canadian River.

It has been reported to the Government that a new Canadian river, at least 300 miles long, has been discovered.

It is the Black Crow River, a tributary of the Porcupine, and was thought to be only thirty miles long. Surveyors delineating the international boundary have succeeded in going 300 miles up it in a gasoline launch.

The "find" is considered important in that it will shorten the work of the surveyors by a year, and will also materially shorten the Canadian water route to the Arctic Ocean. The Porcupine is a tributary of the Yukon River.

Marking an Historic Spot.

The Nova Scotia Historical Society recently marked the site of General Wolfe's residence in Halifax by placing a tablet with a suitable inscription on the front of the building that now stands there. It is situated in Hollis Street, and is occupied by a tailoring firm.

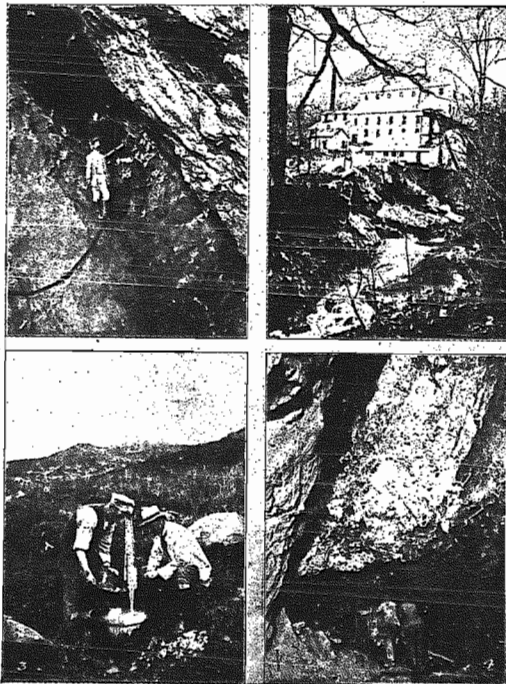
The principal speakers were Brigadier-General Drury, commanding in the Maritime Provinces; and Lieut.-Col. Denison, of the Royal Canadian Regiment.

General Drury said he often wondered what we in Canada to-day would be like had it not been for the work of Wolfe and the success he accomplished.

Colonel Denison said that the marking of these historic spots was a work that must have a fine effect, impressing on the youth the great deeds of their patriotic ancestors. "God knows," the Colonel added, "that a country without patriots is no better than a body without life."

A Big Job.

A gigantic engineering feat is about to be carried out in New York, and contracts have just been awarded to the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company for the construction of subways and elevated roads which will link the five boroughs of New York city and which, when completed will be the largest municipal passenger carrying system in the world. The enormous sum of \$234,000,000 will be spent in building this giant transit system. It is estimated that it will take five years to complete the new roads, which will give New York nearly sixty miles of new subways. The daily passenger traffic on the present subway is 800,000. The average number of passengers carried on all the lines in New York is 4,000,000. What the number will be when the new roads are completed may be imagined, with the steady increase in population. Forty-five thousand men are employed in building the Panama Canal. There will be fully that number required to build the new roads in New York.



Where the Gold for the Prince of Wales' Chaplet Came From: the Gwynfynydd Mine—Boring by air Rock-Drill in a Slope in the Old Mine.

A Klondyke Scene in Wales: Miners Washing Gold at St. David's Mine.

The Gwynfynydd Mine: the Mills, Where the Quartz is Crushed and Washed.

The Mine Which Supplied the Gold for the Verge: Wheeling Ore in a Tunnel in the St. David's Mine 500 Feet Below the Surface.

Band Chat.

An exceedingly bright, and thoroughly enjoyable Musical Festival was given by the Lisgar Silver Band at Lippincott Citadel on Thursday evening, August 3. Adjutant Coenish, the Lisgar C.O. took the chair, and the Lisgar Songsters also accompanied the Band, this being the Brigade's "first appearance" away from home. The Band rendered the "New England" and "Pilgrim" marches with fine precision, and their interpretation of the "Ocean" selection was very real. The newly-formed Songster Brigade acquitted itself well, and gives promise of becoming a very useful and attractive combination. The vocal solos of Bandsmen Brooks, Hart, and Malone were much appreciated, particularly Bandsman Hart's "We're Not." Bandsman's Perritt's reading of the "Prodigal Son" was another most acceptable item. The singing of "Rock of Ages" by the full Band concluded a splendid programme, although we much regretted that Brother King did not arrive with his dulcimer.—F. B. R.

Bandsmaster Calvert, of Oshawa, was at T.H.Q. a few days ago, and as may be easily imagined was button-holed by a War Cry man.

"Well, how's Oshawa going, Bandsmaster?"

"Very well indeed. The Band—I suppose it's that you refer to—is in good shape, and we have twenty-five Bandsmen."

"That's fine. Any recent additions?"

"Yes." We have welcomed Bandsman Strapp, also his son. The latter is playing solo cornet and the father is taking up a G trombone, which I hope to secure in a few weeks. The instrument is the gift of a wealthy local gentleman. Then two of our Junior Bandsmen have been transferred to the Senior Band.

"And you play—?"

"The very latest. Right up to Band Journal No. 628."

"How long have you had the baton at Oshawa, Bandsmaster?"

"Just about a year."

"Is that all? And to what do you attribute the Band's recent marked improvement?"

"Well, the men's individual interest in the Band. They do a lot of practising in their homes and I can always rely on a man knowing his part."

"Anything else?"

"Yes; the Bandsmen are a good spiritual lot of fellows. And now you know everything. Good-bye."

Montreal H. Band.—On Thursday, July 27th, we welcomed home our Officer, who has been on furlough. We arranged a musical blizzard for the occasion. The present band and the band as it was some years ago played selections. We had all sorts of choirs. The Band (as it now is) rendered "Leeds" and "New England" marches. Solos, duets, and quartettes were also enjoyed by the largest crowd that we have had for months. We finished up with ice cream and cake. The Band is in fine condition.—H. B. D.

On Saturday, the 29th July, at 6.30 a.m. the **Brantford Band** mustered in the Citadel under the command of Bandsmaster Newman and after marching round the market square, playing, proceeded to the G. T. R.

A Chivalrous Young Man.

The Story of How a Simple Act Led to a Village Revival.



N a certain Nova Scotian fishing village lived a young man whom we will simply refer to as Roger. As the recognized ring-leader of all the young men of the place, Roger possessed no small influence over them. When therefore he led the way in ridiculing the efforts of The Salvation Army Officers stationed there, practically the whole population followed suit. Thus X—soon came to be looked on as the hardest Corps in the Province. But suddenly a great change came about through a very simple little incident.

New Officers had been sent to the Corps, though it really appeared as if they were only destined to be the leaders of a "forlorn hope." When they first arrived the outlook was certainly discouraging. Not a single soldier was there in the place to stand by them and the people were decidedly prejudiced against the Army, and wanted nothing to do with them. But the girl Captain was not easily discouraged. She had come to

our drum and flag," said the Captain. "You carry one, and I'll carry the other."

The Lieutenant gave a gasp of surprise.

"I've never done such a thing before," she said.

"Well, I guess it's up to us to do it now then," rejoined the Captain, "so we must put our feelings in our pocket and be prepared to do anything for Jesus' sake."

Thus encouraged by her plucky leader, the Lieutenant felt emboldened to rally out on the street carrying the flag. The Captain came behind with the drum.

At the corner drug store, where the open-air were generally held, the young men of the village had gathered together to make their usual fun of the Salvationists. Prominent amongst them was Roger.

On this occasion, however, Roger seemed strangely silent, and did not lead on his companions in their rude jests and smart sayings as he usually did. The others wondered what had happened to him.



WOODSTOCK'S WAR CRY BRIGADE.

This is an organization that is doing excellent service, God Bless them. The Brigade consists of Eusign and Mrs. Cavender, Bro. John Chapman; Sis. Chapman, Sis. Bale; Bro. W. Forwell, Sis. Forwell, Wilford Towns.

preach the Gospel to these people, she said to her Lieutenant, and she was going to stay there and do her duty whether they would listen to her or not.

"But how are we going to manage in the open-air with no drum and no flag, and just us two to do all the singing and speaking?" asked the Lieutenant.

"Oh, but we won't be without

Bandsmen were entertained to a tea in the City Hall, afterwards, playing near the railway station to a large crowd, and also on a bandstand in the centre of the town.

On Sunday morning the streets resounded with Salvation music. At 11 a.m. Major and Mrs. Green, the popular Divisional Commanders, conducted a Holiness Meeting, a large crowd being present. In the afternoon an interesting meeting was held in Victoria Park. At 6.30 p.m. the Band formed a large ring in the centre of the town. While the meeting was in progress the strains of the Niagara "Baby" Band were heard and the "giant" Band from Brantford opened out

Soon the little open-air service came to a close. The two girls found it very trying to sing and speak in the face of such opposition, and so, giving all and sundry an invitation to attend the meeting in the hall that night, they prepared to march away.

Then Roger surprised all his friends. Stepping up to the Captain he politely raised his hat

station and took train for Niagara Falls. At 5 p.m. the and received the "Baby" Band with every demonstration of affection. The collection will be used for the purchase of new musical instruments for the Niagara Band, which is led by Bandsmaster Power, a musician of marked ability and officered by Captain Nicholls, who is highly esteemed in town. Major and Mrs. Green led a successful Salvation Meeting, handing out commissions to three prominent workers in the presence of a full house. At 12 midnight the Band entrained, and arrived at Brantford shortly after 2 a.m. on Monday.—J. F. Wimble, Corps Corr.

and said: "Excuse me, Miss, but would you mind if I carried the drum for you. I hate to see a lady forced to do such work as that."

Smilingly the Captain assented. She felt pleased to think that one of the young men of the village had been chivalrous enough to help her out.

So Roger carried the Army drum down the main street to the Hall, enduring good humouredly the chaff and banter that assailed him from all sides.

Thereafter Roger constituted himself Great Chief Drum Carrier to the Army Officers, and whenever they sallied out to hold an open-air meeting he was to be seen patiently trudging along behind carrying the big drum under his arm. At the open-air stand he would set the drum down and stepping back on the sidewalk, would listen most respectfully to the service. Then, the meeting over, he would pick up his burden again and trudge off with it back to the Hall. The effect of this action on Roger's part when the first shock of surprise had worn off, was to attract numbers of the young men to the meetings.

Then one night, in full view of all his old companions, Roger went to the mercy-seat. That was the beginning of a revival in the village. As formerly Roger had led the boys in all sorts of mischief, now he led them in spiritual things, and one after another they followed his example and surrendered to Christ.

When the Local Officers' Commissions were handed out by the Captain in the following year, Roger was appointed Drum-Sergeant, a post for which he had been qualifying ever since the night he first offered to assist the Army. And very proud he was to beat the Army drum, for was it not in a most remarkable way used by God to bring about his conversion?

West Toronto.—Band and Songsters recently visited Chester. The musical festival was given in the new Methodist Church. Staff-Capt. White, of T.H.Q., presiding. Although the weather was very unpropitious, the church was about half full when the programme commenced. The Band, under Bandsmaster Richards played "Songs of Scotland," "The Old, Old Story," and "Invitation" selections, and in the opinion of the audience, if the applause was anything to go by, played splendidly.

The Songsters, so the chairman thinks, could very well hold their own against any other Brigade in the city. Their singing of "Diadem," fairly raised the roof! The Bandsmaster's wife gave a recitation; Band-Sergt. Reed sang, and a quartette of Bandsmen made harmony with their instruments. Altogether it was a good evening, and the officers of both corps said so.

A correspondent at Dresden writes us saying that a slight error crept into our report of the local Band's recent doings. He says that seven is the highest number of Bandsmen they have ever marched out with, not ten. And at the present moment, he adds, "we are seven."

The Heavenly Gardener often puts His choicest flowers into the shade to ripen for His kingdom.

MAGISTRATE ALMOST FELL FROM THRONE

When Adjutant Cummings of The Salvation Army Undertook to Part John Collins and His Thirst.

(From the Hamilton Herald.)

Adjutant William Cummings of the local corps of The Salvation Army performed a remarkable feat in police court to-day when he succeeded in convincing Magistrate Jelfs that there was a chance of reforming old John Collins, bibulous Hamiltonian, who has spent enough cash on booze in his life time to build the new Hydro power plant. Incidentally the adjutant secured the magistrate's order for the release of Collins from jail in order that the work of reformation might begin at once.

Collins in days past has squandered several small fortunes and legacies over the rosewood bars, and many a time he has been escorted with a beautiful skin-fuit to the cells at No. 3. He has been so frequent a visitor to Ogilvie chateau that the jailors keep quarters constantly in readiness for him. He sank so low in the human scale that not long ago even The Salvation Army turned him away from their metropole.

But of late Adjutant Cummings had an idea that old John might be saved. Yesterday when the adjutant was holding the regular afternoon revival service at Castle Ogilvie, Collins loomed up in the front rank of the audience and sang the hymns with such gusto that Cummings was impressed.

Before the adjutant left the jail Collins whispered these sad words into his ear: "Get me out of here, Mr. Cummings, for Heaven's sake, this is an awful place."

"I'll do what I can for you, John," said the adjutant, who has proved himself many times the friend of the friendless when all other help fails, "but you must cut out the drink."

"I'll never hit the old stuff up again," mourned Collins, "if you'll get me out of Mr. Ogilvie's sanitarium here."

This morning Adjutant Cummings took a long breath, pulled down his vest, squared his shoulders, and walking up to the throne told Magistrate Jelfs that he believed he could reform old John Collins if the latter was released from the coop.

Magistrate Jelfs nearly fell off his seat, and still in a dazed condition mechanically signed the order for Collins' release. This the adjutant brought to Castle Ogilvie, where Collins did the Irish reel and a few other high jinks when the door was opened to him.

Adjutant Cummings also took in charge in police court to-day Charles Oakley, an unfortunate man arrested as a vagrant. Oakley appears weak mentally and cannot earn any wages, so the Salvation Army will give him food and shelter in return for such work as he is able to do for them.

Staff-Capt. Bloss conducted the meetings in the Lisgar Street tent on Sunday, August 6th. Capt. Backus and Mrs. Adjt. Sims assisted in the afternoon, and Mrs. Turner at night, when two seniors and three juniors knelt at the Mercy Seal.

The real Christian does not make the mistake of starting to build his steeple from the top.

A CENT'S WORTH OF POWER.

Probably few people, says Harper's Weekly, have ever stopped to think what a power electricity is. If you have never thought the matter over, it will be surprising as well as interesting to know what can be done with one cent's worth of this marvellous power.

On the average rate and discounts of the ordinary consumer, a cent's worth of electricity will operate a 12-inch fan for ninety minutes.

Will operate a sewing machine motor for three hours.

Will make four cups of coffee in an electric coffee-percolator.

Will keep an eight-inch disc stove hot for seven minutes, or long enough to cook a steak.

Will operate a luminous radiator for eight minutes.

Will bring to a boil two quarts of water or operate the baby

dragon, had swallowed the sun, they rushed into the arena and beat the tom-tom. Their accurate science was overmastered by the oldtimes superstition. In our services and prayer-meetings we have a perfect science of trust in God which is such a splendid contradiction to the panic we get into when the first cloud crosses our sky.

TO THE "CRYING-STONE!"

In the yard of Jacob Abbott's country home, a favorite playground for his grand-children and their friends stood a square stone with this inscription: "If any child gets cross and sulky and cries, he can go and sit on the 'crying-stone' just as long as he wants to and cry it out." So, as Dr. Lyman Abbott tells us, whenever a boy or girl did sulk the rest of the children would cry out, "To the crying-stone, to



A David for Wales Once More: the King Presenting the Prince of Wales to the Welsh People After the Investiture at Carnarvon.

milk-warmer twice.

Will keep the dentist's electric hammer and drill going for ninety minutes.

Will run an electric pianola for one hour.

Will pump 250 gallons of water 100 feet high.

Will raise ten tons twelve feet high with an electric crane in less than one minute.

Will raise a large passenger elevator five storeys a minute.

WHEN FEAR ROUTS KNOWLEDGE.

The Rev. W. L. Watkinson tells of the Chinese astronomers, who made accurate calculations, and published almanacs, and who were really clever and correct in their observations. Though they foretold eclipses of the sun, yet when these same eclipses occurred, so strong was the ancient superstition in the minds of these astronomers, that, thinking the

crying-stone." Seldom did any child care to take advantage of the place provided for a cry. There are many grown persons who, like Saul of old, have the sulks, and who might be cured of their ill-temper by a public crying-stone.

In connection with the large money-grants of the Hamburg Senate to the relief work of The Salvation Army, a Hamburg pastor in the German State Church writes:

"Our city, with its numerous liberal pastors and its masses lapsed to heathenism can thank God on its knees for The Salvation Army which, as a good Samaritan working among us, saves whom and where it can. I myself know a lawyer brought back to the faith in Salvation Army meetings. He reports that three others in his circle have been converted in the same way."

COWARDLY SERVICE.

(Continued from Page 7.)

Position in the earth, we might find it in the events that have lately transpired in Switzerland. A little force of godly people, without any of the peculiarities about which there has been such an hue and cry in England, without an instrument of music, without a banner or flag, or procession, or open-air service, without even a uniform, had only to commence to live Jesus Christ over again, and to carry out His orders in thrusting His claims on their fellow-men, when wicked rulers combined with those who profit by the vilest kinds of vice to mob them, drive them out, put them down or kill them, as the case may be. Why? Because the instinct of the evil one recognised the Spirit of Jesus Christ. The devil always knows where the Spirit of Jesus Christ is, and he knows something else; he knows where it is not, and where it is not he lets well alone!

"Oh!" people say, "the world is different in these days from what it was in the days of Jesus Christ and Paul." Is it? Try it on the same lines, and you will soon find out how far different it is. The very essence of the spirit of evil is antagonistic to the spirit of good. Good and evil are as diametrically opposed to each other as ever; therefore they can never be brought into contact without conflict, without war, and sometimes of the most deadly kind, ending in the death and martyrdom of the saints. I was amused with the exemplification of this some weeks ago. As one of our female officers was walking up Clapton, a band of lads were hooting after her, "Hallelujah!" "Jesus Christ!" "Salvation!" and other beautiful names; for in whatever voice they are hissed out, they cannot make such words ugly. They were hissing these names after her as she walked meekly and quietly along. At length she turned suddenly to them and said, "What are you doing this for? I have never done you any harm. I am walking peaceably along the road; why are you shouting after me?" They were all so taken aback that they stood breathless for a moment, then one of them, I suppose a little bolder than the rest, and at least an honest lad, said, "It is because you are good and we are bad." Ah! that was the truth for once. That was the expression, in his rough way of the eternal principle, that there must be conflict between good and evil; and the greater good you bring in contact with evil, the more the evil will rage and try for the mastery. Hence, the world treated Him who was the very personification of the Father's holiness, worse than it ever treated any other human being, because He was the concentration of goodness, and therefore the devil we approximate to His character will the devil do his worst on us, did his worst on Him; and just as

Adjt. and Mrs. Jaynes have farewelled from North Sydney, C. B. and have been succeeded there by Capt. Ranson, and Lieut. Minore. Already the Captain's Bible addresses, and the Lieutenant's solo singing have attracted great crowds to the meetings.

The true end of life is to know the life that never ends.

London's Gleaners.

Showing How People of the Underworld Make a Living Out of the Refuse of the City.



"A packet of 'bits' from a cook-shop or similar establishment is a stand-by to the destitute of all big cities."

AFTER the last load of corn has been garnered the field and fencer the field and garner the heads of golden grain which the reapers have left. So do gleaners gather the residue of London's mighty harvest—not, however, in the autumn only, but day by day and hour by hour, says a writer in "Caswell's Magazine." There is never a time, indeed, when some of them are not collecting the fragments—in quantity enormous and in quality by no means contemptible—rejected of the millions of idlers and workers in the upper world.

Continuing, the writer says:

Two commodities in particular are assiduously gleaned in London—tobacco and food. Smokers' refuse is the constant quest of "dossers," who gaze intently on the ground as they walk along, and gather every cigar stump and cigarette-end that lies in their path.

"Dossers" do not collect "hard-up" (as smokers' refuse is called) merely for their own pipe. They sell most of their harvest. The stuff is a marketable commodity, and is readily disposed of in shelters, common lodging-houses, and workhouses. In many cases the actual gleaner sells his stock to a small—a very small—capitalist of his own class, who sells it to a pauper out on holiday, who sells it to his fellows on returning to the "House." There is no fixed price though it is usually sold, like eels at Billingsgate, by the "clutch" or handful. In any case it fetches very little. The quantity collected during a whole day or night generally realises only two or three coppers.

The "Hunger Line."

Gleaning food is likewise carried on without a break. Before some of us are out of bed—that is, at six a.m.—many women and children prepare for gathering up fragments of the previous day, and soon afterwards they are on their way to the places where food is distributed. At seven o'clock there is a "hunger line" outside each of the shops of a well-known firm in the city—a score or two of children with bags and baskets, waiting for broken victuals. When an assistant signals, they file inside, and as they emerge half of them are tearing wolfishly at a chunk of bread or one of the meat bones which they have been given. This firm has for many years

distributed its "waste" food to children only, and has been the mainstay of numbers of poor but deserving families. No questions are asked. Let a boy or girl take a position in the queue, and he or she gets a share of whatever is going as a matter of course.

The Dossers' Breakfast.

Soon after eight o'clock the habitual "dossers" become anxious about breakfast which ultimately comes to them as a rule, in the form of "cants" (packets of broken food). One kind of "cant" is peculiar to the metropolis. It is the admirable custom of the London working-man, whose meals are brought, either by himself from home, or by a messenger from a coffee shop, in to an office or warehouse, not to throw away any food he may be unable to eat, but to wrap it up and place it on a window-sill, on the top of a wall, or between railings, there to await the first passer-by who is hungry. Aware of this thoughtfulness, the "dossier" regularly makes certain rounds in search of workmen's

party had to bring their own mugs)

Gleaners of Firewood.

More enterprising gleaners scour London in quest of buildings in course of demolition, and pick out of the debris old laths, etc., which they subsequently sell for firewood. In the autumn, when so many roads are "up," they collect old paving blocks—a variety of "waste" which can be had for next to nothing. The County Council allows anybody to take away a load for half a crown, and as the blocks can be sold to householders at the rate of three a penny there is a splendid profit on them. Professional gleaners, however, have not this particular field to themselves. Like many other people, they suffer through amateurs poaching on their preserves. Ten watchmen were employed to guard a quantity of old woodblocks in Edgware Road, and yet some thousands, worth in all about \$150, were borne away in twos and threes by women and children.

"Fat Rats" of Smithfield.

About the markets, too, there are swarms of gleaners. The most peculiar order, perhaps, are the "fat rats" of Smithfield—boys and girls who diligently



"Old paving blocks are a variety of 'waste' which can be had for next to nothing."

"cants," which go a long way towards supporting him. These are put out at all hours of the day and night; but the best times for finding them are about 9 a.m. and from 1.30 to 2.30 p.m.

More common is another kind of "cant"—a packet of "bits" from a cook-shop or similar establishment; it is a stand-by to the destitute of all big cities. Though procurable at many places in London soon after breakfast time, it is usually given out about two o'clock at eating-houses and in the evening at shops. There are hundreds of establishments from which it can be obtained in the afternoon. At some, women only need apply, but in general either sex is eligible. While, again, there are shops outside which the hungry line up and are served in turn, the man or woman who is first getting the lion's share, at others all food is divided among the applicants, whatever be their number—and sometimes there are thirty or forty—in equal portions. Minor differences in procedure are many. In fact, there is only one general rule governing the distribution of "cants," and that is rather curious—paper is not given with the food. "Dossers" must bring their own, as children at the traditional tea

glean the lumps of fat which the salesmen cast on the ground. Their trade-mark is a small bag, which they usually carry slung over the shoulder. Many of the "rats"—being under the age of fourteen—prowl about the market, as a rule, only in the early

morning and at dinner-time, though some "chance it," in the hope that speed may save them should the school attendance officer descend on the market.

Altogether, therefore, an enormous amount of gleaning is done in London, and by it many thousands (Continued on Page 14.)

A CREDITABLE SONGSTER BRIGADE.

Interesting information concerning Oshawa's Singers.

The Oshawa Citadel Songster Brigade now numbers 22 members, under the leadership of Songster-Leader W. Gadd. The Brigade was formed in August, 1910, and since that time a steady improvement has been made in every direction. The Brigade contains a good proportion of young people of the Corps, although there are several veterans who set a brave example to the younger comrades. The number of years active service seen by the Songsters in The S.A. has a grand total of 225 years, which we think is not so bad. No fewer than fifteen of these comrades were converted while Juniors, a fact which ought to bring cheer and encouragement to the hearts of our Y.P. workers. The Local Officers of the Brigade are hustlers, ever ready to work for the benefit of the Brigade and thereby helping to extend God's Kingdom. The Songster-Leader is a thorough Salvationist, and since organizing the Brigade he has endeavoured to put God first in everything. Only the other week we had the privilege of seeing Commissioner Rees dedicate his young daughter to God and The Army. The Songster Secretary is one of The Army's "own make" and has never known anything else but The Salvation Army. He also fills position of Deputy Bandmaster.

The Treasurer (Bro. J. Short) is one of the veterans, and is never satisfied unless he is doing something extra to push the war along. The Songster Sergeant (Sister A. Dalton) is another product of the Army. Her's is a busy task, and needs the Grace of God, but she has so far ably filled the position. The uniform adopted by the Brigade consists of a blue costume, while the collars and shoulder straps are trimmed with white braid. Every member wears the regulation Songster harp.

The foregoing splendid report needs no comment from us, but the Songster Leader adds: "This Brigade is the first that Oshawa has ever had. And since its formation I have not lost one member." [Good.—Ed.]

OSHAWA SONGSTER BRIGADE.—Back Row

(left to right): Sister N. Bryant, Bro. A. Bottomley, Deputy Bandmaster Crawford, Secretary, Bro. T. Coull, Sis. A. Dalton, Sergeant, Bro. J. Short, Treas.; Bandmaster F. Calvert, Sis. Mrs. White. Middle Row.—Sis. Mrs. Gadd, Sis. C. Short, Sis. Mrs. Coull, J.S. S.-M.; Lieut. Edwards, Songster-Leader W. Gadd; Captain Mitchell, C.O.; Sis. Mrs. Bryant, Sis. Mrs. Crawford, C.G. Guardian. Front Row.—Sis. C. Coull, Sis. H. Brown, Sis. C. Mollon, Organist; Sis. A. Bryant, Sis. R. Crawford.

P.S.—Sis. O. Crawford and Bro. H. Bailey were absent when this picture was taken. Triumph.



The dossier regularly makes certain rounds in search of workmen's "cants."

OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER

International Headquarters.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

The General recently had an interesting interview with Premier McBride, of British Columbia, at International Headquarters.

Commissioner Oliphant paid a brief visit to London in the early part of last week, and at International Headquarters had consultations with The General and the Chief of the Staff. Many encouraging developments of Army work are taking place in Switzerland.

Among the important schemes discussed by the Chief of the Staff with Commissioner McAlonan while in Berlin recently was one for the acquiring of important premises for the purposes of an Army hospital in that city.

A cable to the Foreign Office, International Headquarters, announces the safe arrival in Seoul, Korea, of Colonel Hoggard, returning from the International Social Congress. The Colonel travelled by the overland route, across Siberia to Mukden, and thence by the new railway, which crosses the Yalu River, on to the Korean capital.

Colonel Unsworth represented The Army at the funeral of Dr. Hermann Adler, the Chief Rabbi, which took place at Willesden. The Colonel also attended, as a visitor, the Coronation Reunion of the Free Churches at the Royal Botanic Gardens, London, W.

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THE GENERAL AT SOUTHPORT

After a very trying week in London, which made great demands on his physical strength, The General was advised to give up his campaign at Southport. His reply was as follows: "I am booked for Southport, and to Southport I go, dead or alive."

He received a great welcome, and the meetings were a splendid success.

The penitent form scenes were very pathetic, and are described thus in the British War Cry:

"A fashionably-dressed young woman approaches the front. She has brought a dog to the meeting, but in her distress the animal is forgotten as she rushes to the platform; the faithful creature however, will not be left, and with almost human instinct it sits by the side of its mistress as she kneels at the Cross—a pathetic but a happy sight!

"Another capture is a young girl of sixteen summers, clad in white muslin, with round country hat. She is so deeply moved that she can scarcely wait to get to the penitent-form, but simply kneels down where she is, while the big tears fall down her bright, innocent face.

Then comes a man, and it is whispered he is 'the worst man in Southport.' It has at times taken six policemen to get him to the police-station. But Oh, how he prays for mercy! He had a godly father and mother, and his kneeling there is surely an answer to their prayers.

"And so the glorious but touching procession goes on, till forty-five are found to have claimed mercy."

—||—

GERMANY.

In a letter from Berlin, Lieut.-Colonel Martin gives several in-



OSHAWA SONGSTER BRIGADE.

(See Page 12 for names.)

stances of official recognition of the value of The Army's agencies. At Stettin, for example, he says the police have asked our Officers if they could not do something for certain well-known drunkards who are living in the district. As usual, the Officers expressed their willingness to give special attention to them, and have received their names and addresses from the police.

So pleased, too, are the Hamburg authorities with our Social Work in the city that they have recently granted us a donation of 11,000 marks a year for three years. In order to carry out the purpose for which this money was given—to increase the number of beds—our fourth Home is now nearing completion.

An interesting story reaches us from the South of Germany. The director of a large factory and works near Stuttgart has invited the Divisional Officer to distribute "War Crys" among the workmen. The director also says he would be delighted if he could get some Salvation Soldiers to work in his factory. He thoroughly believes in The Army, and feels that the influence of "The War Cry" and the Salvationists' example would lessen the drinking habits, which he says are something terrific, amongst his workmen.

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AUSTRALIA.

The Governor of Queensland (Sir William MacGregor) was announced to preside at the Social Annual to be conducted by Commissioner Hay in Brisbane.

At the request of Sir John Fuller, the recently-appointed Governor of Victoria, Commissioner Hay called upon his Excellency, who made a number of inquiries concerning The Army's work in the Commonwealth.

Before the Commissioner left his Excellency promised to preside at the Social Annual in Melbourne on July 26th.

Mrs. Commissioner Hay recently addressed the prisoners of the Women's Penitentiary at Coburg, a suburb of Melbourne. The Governor afterwards gave authority for Army Officers to conduct a similar meeting there one Sunday per month.

Commissioner and Mrs. Hay concluded a few days ago a memorable series of Field Officers' Councils in Australia and New Zealand. In a Territory of such "magnificent distances" it is, of course, impossible for all of our comrades to meet at one centre. Each State or Dominion, therefore, has its own Council, and a final series of Sessions is held at Melbourne. This is attended by all the Officers working in Victoria and by the Provincial Commanders. A Staff Council brought the gathering to a close.

It was from this concluding Council that Commissioner Hay dispatched the following cable to The General, in response to a heart-stirring message from our Leader:—

"We, the Staff Officers assembled in Council at Melbourne, send you our warmest greetings and assure you of our heartfelt love and confidence, as well as our determination to hold fast to the glorious principles of The Army, of which you are so illustrious an example.

"We most heartily respond to the words of counsel contained in your message. They have filled our minds and souls with big desires, and we are resolved to do our utmost to realize all they represent."

INDIA.

An Army Exhibition and sale of work was recently held at Simla, Her Excellency the Vicerine opening it. It proved a great success. The nine stalls served to give a splendid birds'-eye view of our extensive Industrial operations.

The annual convention at Simla for the deepening of spiritual life was very well attended and proved to be a season of much blessing.

A serious disaster recently occurred at our Ani Settlement. Something in the nature of a cloudburst seems to have taken place, the valley being suddenly flooded with raging torrents that swept down the hillside, flooding the fields and houses of some of our soldiers, and causing serious devastation and damage. The newly purchased bullocks of some families were lost in the floods and crops were swept away.

An encouraging revival is going on in three villages in the Nanjinadon Division which have had the reputation of being particularly hard. In one month about 100 souls have left their heathenism and come over on the Lord's side. Colonel Nurani recently visited one of these villages and enrolled 61 people under the Army Flag.

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UNITED STATES.

Commissioner Estill recently commissioned thirty-three Cadets at Chicago. Three of the number were the children of officers, Lieut.-Colonel Marshall, Brigadier Fynn, and Ensign Perrell each supplying one.

Lieut.-Colonel Sharp and Adjutant Riley led the meetings at San Francisco VI. on a recent Sunday. A number of local officers were commissioned, and two souls came to the Mercy Seal.

A whirlwind campaign at Van Wert, Ohio, resulted in the raising of \$3,300 in three days. The Mayor of the town acted in the capacity of chairman of the Business Men's Committee. This campaign not only means the lifting of the mortgage on The Army hall, but sufficient money was promised to erect a commodious quarters and to remodel and better equip the hall.

PLUCKY LESLIE PUGMIRE.

We congratulate Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Pugmire on the pluck and resourcefulness of their eleven-year-old son Leslie, who recently was able to render very timely aid to a son of Brigadier and Mrs. Murray, (England). The happening in brief is as follows: Leslie was playing on the beach in the locality where Col. and Mrs. Pugmire and family are furloughing, when he heard cries from young Murray, who had got out of his depth. Leslie Pugmire at once rowed a boat to his assistance, and was enabled to get him into shallow water, and ultimately to shore, where it was found necessary to resuscitate him.

INVALUABLE SOCIAL ASSET.

(Continued From Page Three.)
that the individual must co-operate in order to bring about his own moral and physical redemption.

"Mr. Harold Baggie, in his very remarkable book, 'Twice-born Men,' has given a history of really noteworthy individual cases in which work of this kind has resulted in what can literally be called the 'rebirth' of the men for whom it was undertaken; and Mr. Rider Haggard, in his book called 'Regeneration,' which he has dedicated to the men of The Salvation Army in token of his admiration of their self-sacrificing work for the poor and wretched throughout the world, has written an absorbingly interesting account of the Social Work of The Army in Great Britain.

"Mr. Rider Haggard is probably most widely known as a novelist, but, as a matter of fact, there are few men now writing English whose books on vital sociological questions are of such value as his and hardly one among this small number who has grasped as he has grasped the dangers that beset the future of the English-speaking people and the way these dangers can best be met. Mr. Haggard, for example, is one of the men most thoroughly alive to the dangers that threaten not only England and the older portions of the United States, but the newer portions of the United States, Canada, and Australia, from the drift of country people toward the city, and the unhealthy development of city at the expense of country life, and naturally he has felt a peculiarly keen sympathy with The Salvation Army's efforts to aid in bringing the people back to the land.

"The Salvation Army has done Social Work in England on many different lines, and it has met the wellnigh infinitely varied needs of those among whom it has worked with an equally varied resourcefulness and a singular combination of zeal and sanity. Men, women, and children are all alike cared for. The Maternity Receiving Homes are among those which meet especially desperate needs in a spirit that is really Christian, that is really following the teachings of the Founder of Christianity.

"Yet though great the good that is done by these Homes, great the achievement they represent in the rescue of poor creatures not really vicious, but far more often the victims of vice, all this is equalled by the work done in many other ways. One very interesting feature brought out by Mr. Haggard, incidentally, is that in a sense which is more literal than figurative, the work of regeneration often means such a complete change in a man's nature as is equivalent to the casting out of devils. Few people who read his book can fail to be almost as much impressed as Mr. Haggard acknowledges himself to have been by what he witnessed of this kind.

"Mr. Haggard's accounts of the Land Industrial Colonies, Small Holding Settlements, and similar works give an almost startling inside view of the extraordinary combination of lofty disinterestedness, intense zeal and understanding, and first-rate business ability which have enabled General Booth and those associated with him to accomplish so much

IS HE A MIRACLE ?

THE PRAYING LEAGUE.

WHO ?

Your COLOR-SERGEANT



So, the Editor would like to hear from you as soon as possible concerning him, for publication in the Christmas Cry. The 'Types of Salvation Soldier' series, which has taken on so well will, in our Christmas number, be a striking representation of The Salvation Army Colour Sergeant, and we have decided to make stories of Colour Sergeants our prize short-story feature. We shall, therefore, give a ten-dollar bill to the comrade who will send us the most striking life story of a Corps Colour Sergeant.

A TEN DOLLAR BILL
FOR FIVE HUNDRED WORDS.

A Colour Sergeant may write about himself, or any other comrade may write about him, but in every case where a comrade writes the story of the Corps Colour Sergeant, the M. S. S. must be initiated by the Colour-Sergeant.

All the stories must be in our hands by the 9th of September.

The subject of the story must be a trophy of Divine Grace, and a good example of a red-hot Salvationist.
Send in your story as soon as possible.

in directing what otherwise would be the waste forces of benevolence to national ends.

"I wish it were in my power to convey to others the vivid impression which this book on The Salvation Army has made on me; and perhaps I may be allowed to add that my own limited experience with The Salvation Army has in every respect borne out what Mr. Haggard writes of it."

LONDON' GLEANERS.

(Continued from Page 12.)

sands in the underworld live, or at least, profit to some extent. But there is a doubtless proportionately less than there was ten years ago. As in rural districts farmers are gleaning in their own fields, and keeping out of them poor folk who used to be able to take a bag of grain to the miller, so in London business men now save "waste" which was formerly turned to account by gatherers of odds and ends. Economy is the watchword in town and country alike, and the gleaner, urban and rural, suffers accordingly.

Threatened Coal Famine.

Owing to representations made by the Premiers of Saskatchewan and Alberta, and by Boards of Trade, to the effect that a serious shortage of coal in the Western Provinces is likely to result from the continued strike in the various coal mines, the Government has ordered the free entry of all coal imported into Canada at all ports of entry along the international boundary west of Sault Ste. Marie for consumption in the provinces of British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba. The taking off of the duty is to be effective until the Governor in Council is convinced that the mines are again in a position to produce sufficient coal to meet public requirements.

The strike has now been in progress for four months, and practically all the western mines are tied up.

TEN RULES FOR CLERKS.

Here is a translation of the text of instructions lately issued to the officers and employees of Telegraph and Telephone offices in Japan:—

Rules for Daily Conduct.

1. Work earnestly and soberly with all your might.
2. Rely not upon to-morrow; without fail do today the work which should be done to-day.
3. In your daily social intercourse be whole-hearted and free; do not fail in discharging all obligations towards friends; be careful not to be a trouble to people.
4. Carefully observe all rules; be punctual; keep all promises; return borrowed money and other articles at the fixed time.
5. Forget not kind deeds; delay not to visit people who show favour, or write to them, or visit their graves after death.
6. Be kind to all; be sympathetic to those in trouble; be kind and helpful to the sick.
7. Always consider yourself as in limited circumstances; let it be a fixed principle to be simple and frugal; overcoming self and suppressing all passions, endeavouring to save money.
8. Since life is the seed of all achievements, guard your health and keep a strong body.
9. Be careful of yourself even when alone; morning and evening turn your thoughts inward.
10. Frequently engage in innocent sports and seek to be happy in your daily life.

Since the above ten rules should never be forgotten for a moment, let us together endeavour to put them into practice in our daily life and work.—Kimura Mun-Sue, Director of Communication, Tokio.

What we need is not a new compass every year, but a new determination to steer straight by the old compass, which is the word of God in Christ.—Henry Van Dyke, D.D.

Christianity is like music—the more one practises it, the more perfect it becomes.

(Continued From Page 2.)
ally, the Bible gets covered over with the mass of daily print, and we say still more regretfully that we cannot find time to read it.

The remedy for this is a simple one. Take time to read the Bible, and let the daily "literature" have the scraps of time. It is the remedy which will be applied whenever we come to a genuine desire to taste the divine Word again.

The plain, every-day reading of the Bible is the tonic necessary for our modern thinking, relaxed and perverted by much modern wisdom. The only test for the modern theories of life and faith is in what God the Lord has said. The one place where that Word of the Lord is especially recorded, for all time, is the Bible.

The modern theorists who are so accurately separating the one Book into fragments of Hebrew or Greek literature agree that when they have done their utmost, there remains in this marvellous Book the breathing of the Divine Spirit, the wisdom that cometh down from above. When one is disturbed by what scholars say about the Bible, the thing he needs to do is to read it for himself.

The effect, produced in a human soul and life by the Divine Book is wrought by the cumulative power of the truth gathered from the Word itself, rather than by any one precept, or declaration. It is therefore the persistent reading of the Book that fills one's mind with the truth and quickens him to steadfast faith and holy living. Mere belief of what one read a long time ago is not "knowledge of the truth." Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by ever renewed contact with the Word of God.

The particular method which one may follow in reading the Book is not of so much importance. There are many ways. One reads a chapter, another a passage, another a whole book at a sitting. One searches what may be the mind of the Spirit upon a specific topic. Another gleans the meaning as he reads.

But whatever the method, we need to hear and obey in this very modern day the voice that St. Augustine heard so long ago, in his African garden. "Tolle, lege." "Take and read."—The Philadelphia Presbyterian.

WHAT IS BEAUTY ?

(Continued from Page Two.)

With patience, grace, and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that
Bless,
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains none
can guess.

—African Cry.

Doing nothing for others is the undoing of one's self. We must be purposely kind and generous, or we miss the best part of existence. The heart that goes out of itself gets large and full of joy. This is the great secret of the inner life. We do ourselves the most good by doing something for others.

Real Christ-likeness needs no retouching.

Scripture Texts and Mottoes

We have just received a consignment, with many new and unique designs. For beautifying the Home and decorating the Hall they are hard to beat.



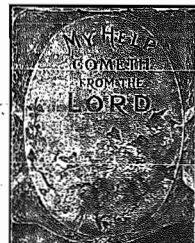
No. 520. My Refuge.

15c each. Size 9 1/4 by 7. Corded. Colored bevelled edges. A new series of Emblematical Designs, printed in bold Chromo Lithography. Texts in Silver. TEXTS—1. Teach me Thy way O Lord. 2. Our help is in the name of the Lord. 3. Lead me in the way everlasting. 4. In God have I put my trust

Imitation Plush.



Imitation Plush, in three colors. Red, Brown, and Mauve. Raised Metal Letters. Corded. Size 13 by 6. 35c each. TEXTS—1. God is love. 2. Able to keep. 3. Christ is all.



No. 521. My help cometh from the Lord.

15 each. Size 9 1/4 by 7 1/4. FLORAL SHIELDS. Corded. Colored bevelled edges. Effective Floral Designs printed in full colors, in ornamental shield shape. Texts in silver. TEXTS: 1. Be not afraid only believe. 2. Cast thy burden upon the Lord. 3. My help cometh from the Lord. 4. Lead me in Thy truth and teach me.

No. 496. Songs of Praise.



25c each. Size 11 1/4 by 7 1/4. Corded. A new series of Bird Designs, in white ornamental Panel, on imitation Velvet, designs acrographed in natural colors. Texts in white letters. TEXTS—1. As for me and my house we will serve the Lord. 2. The Lord hath been mindful of us. 3. Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever. 4. I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.

No. 495. Strength by the Way.



40c each. Size 19 by 12. Corded. A striking novelty. New series of Embossed Floral Designs on duplex Imitation Velvet, with embossed frame. Designs beautifully colored. Texts in White Letters. TEXTS—1. As thy days, so shall thy strength be. 2. My grace is sufficient for thee. 3. He giveth grace unto the lowly. 4. The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him.

No. 497. "Our Life" Series.



25c each. Corded. Size 12 by 9 1/4. New series of verse cards on Imitation Velvet. Verses in White Letters. Something quite new. This number contains the ever-popular Imitation Velvet series of which so many thousands have been sold. 1. Our Life. 2. Good Night.

No. 478. Art Velvet.

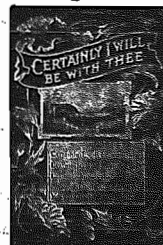


25c each. Size 12 by 9 1/4. Corded. A series of fine floral designs, highly embossed and beautifully acrographed on imitation velvet cardboard. Texts in white letters. Very effective. TEXTS—1. Commit thy way unto the Lord. 2. Thou wilt show me the path of life. 3. Teach me to do Thy will. 4. The Lord hath been mindful of us.

Imitation Plush.



Imitation Plush, in three colors. Red, Mauve, and Brown. Raised Metal Letters. Corded. Size 13 by 6. 35c each. TEXTS—1. God is love. 2. Able to keep. 3. Christ is all.



20c each. Size 10 1/4 by 6 1/4. Corded. A beautiful series of Text Cards on Imitation Velvet, with delicately tinted designs and fine Landscapes in Panel. Texts in White Letters. This makes a very charming card. TEXTS—1. My presence shall go with thee. 2. Certainly I will be with thee. 3. My grace is sufficient for thee. 4. Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.

Salvation Songs

Holiness.

1 There's a wondrous stream,
flowing ever flowing,
Sin to wash away, making sinners clean;
It can give new life to the troubled soul,
Flowing, ever flowing, sin to wash away.

Ever flowing, ever flowing,
Praise the Lord, 'tis flowing!
Flowing, ever flowing,
Sin to wash away.

At this wondrous stream, flowing ever flowing,
Sin to wash away, millions now have been;
They have proved its power, for it never fails,
Flowing, ever flowing, sin to wash away.

Praise the Lord, this stream, flowing ever flowing,
Sin to wash away, it can make you clean:
Sinner, come to-day, plunge beneath its tide,
Flowing, ever flowing, sin to wash away.

Tunes.—Almighty to Save, 109;
Song-Book No. 388.

2 Oh, when shall my soul find her rest,
My struggles and wrestlings be o'er?
My heart, by my Saviour possessed,
Be fearing and sinning no more?

Now search me, and try me, O Lord:
Now, Jesus, give ear to my cry!
See helpless I cling to Thy word,
My soul to my Saviour draws nigh.

My idols I cast at Thy feet,
My all I return Thee, who gave;
This moment the work is complete,
For Thou art almighty to save!

O Saviour, I dare to believe,
Thy Blood for my cleansing I see;
And asking in faith, I receive
Salvation, full, present, and free.

P a s e.

Tune—"The Watch on the Rhine."

3 reach the ear,
What sounds are those that
They tell of freedom drawing near,
When all who in sin's bondage groan
Their great Deliverer shall own.

True soldiers of the Cross
we are.

He who has helped us in the past,
And borne us through each stormy blast,
Will still conduct our Army on
Till all the world to Christ is won.
The hearts and lives by sin de-
based,
The homes by drunkenness dis-
graced.

T.H.Q. NOON-DAY KNEE-DRILL.

Friday, Aug. 18, Brig. Morris...
Tuesday, Aug. 22, Major Findlay.
Tuesday, Aug. 29, Adj. Peacock.

COLONEL and MRS. JACOBS
(of London, England.)
Will Conduct Meetings

THE TEMPLE

—on—

SUNDAY, AUGUST 27th.

They will be accompanied by
Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

MAJOR CAMERON

will visit

OWEN SOUND Aug. 19, & 20.

LISGAR STREET, TORONTO
TENT CAMPAIGN.

BRIGADIER BOND.

(assisted by the Editorial Staff)
SEPTEMBER 17th.

Sun., Aug. 20, Staff-Capt. Sims.
Sun., Sept. 3, Lt.-Col. Turner.

ENVOY BREWER BROWN

will visit

BROCKVILLE, SEPT. 2, 3, and 4

HAMILTON I. SILVER BAND

will visit

THE TEMPLE, SEPT. 2, 3, & 4th.
(Labor Day.)

A new and brighter day shall see
And find in Jesus liberty.

Tunes.—We Shall Win, 113;
Song-Book, 668.

4 There's a land that is fairer
than day,
And by faith we can see it
afar;
For the Father waits over the
way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place
there.

In the sweet by and bye.

We shall sing on that beautiful
shore
The melodious songs of the
blest;
And our spirits shall sorrow no
more—
Not a sigh for the blessing of
rest.

To our bountiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of
praise
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow
our days.

Salvation

Tunes.—Room for Jesus, 153;
Never Can Tell, 118; Song-
Book, No. 34.

5 Have you any room for Jesus—
He who bore your load of
sin?
As He knocks and asks admis-
sion,
Sinner, will you let Him in?

Room for pleasure, room for
business;
But for Christ the Crucified
Not a place that He can enter
In the heart for which He died!

Room and time now give to
Jesus;
Soon will pass God's day of
grace;
Soon your heart be told and
silent,
And your Saviour's pleading
cease.

Tunes.—While Shepherds, 65;
Song-Book, No. 49.

6 Come, weary sinner, to the
cross,
The Saviour bids you come;
Blood,
Come trusting in His precious
Wait not—there still is room.

Jesus now is passing by,
I'll go out to meet Him;
While He is so very nigh,
I'll go out to greet Him.

Oh, why delay your long return?
The Spirit gently pleads;
Come to the cross, whereon for
you
The dying Saviour bleeds.

He waits to fill your soul with
joy,
And all your sins forgive;
His love for you no tongue can
tell,
Oh, trust His grace and live!

We Miss You.

INFORMATION URGENTLY WANTED

To Parents, Relatives, and Friends,
We will search for missing persons in
any part of the globe, befriend, and as
far as possible, assist wronged women
and children, or anyone in difficulty. Ad-
dress, Lieut.-Col. Pugmire, 20 Albert St.
Toronto, marked "Enquiry" on envelope.
One dollar should be sent, if possible, to
defray expenses in case of reproduction
of photo, two dollars. Officers, Soldiers,
and Friends are requested to assist us by
looking regularly through the Missing
Column, and to notify Col. Pugmire, if
able to give information concerning any
case, always stating name and number
of same.

8230. CANGANT, MARIE. Last
heard of in Montreal; friends
most anxious to hear from her.
Please write the above office.

8500. BENNELL, CHARLOTTE,
also Edward Simpson. Her de-
scription: Age 22, height 5 ft. 6
in., nice looking, supposed to
have sailed for Canada March
6th on the SS "Pomeranian" in
company with Simpson. Parents
will forgive all if she will re-
turn home or if in trouble apply
to the Salvation Army, who will
help her.

8499. DUTTON, OSWALD.
Came to Canada June 17th, 1910;
age 20 years; fair complexion;
dark blue eyes; dark hair; about
5 ft. 6 in.; Montreal last known
address. Sister Alice most an-
xious for news.

8498. SMITH, T. J. Stimson,
now in Australia, would be glad
to hear from Mr. and Mrs.
Smith, whom he has been in-
formed have become Salvation-
ists. Write above office.

8490. GEORGE, MRS. AMELIA
or WOODLOCK. Age 29, height
5 ft. 4 in., fair complexion,
brown hair and blue eyes. Eng-
lish, married, has three children
with her, all girls, ages 4 months,
3 1-2 years, 7 years. Left hus-
band at the Union Station, To-
ronto, May 13th, supposed to
have gone away with step-brother,
John Woodlock. News
wanted.

8223. SUNDERLAND, WILL-
IAM THOMAS. Age 17, light
hair, blue eyes, fair complexion,
last heard of Queen's Hotel, Cal-
gary, Alta.; may have gone to
Vancouver, B.C. Parents most
anxious for news.



3178. PETER-
SON, HEN-
RICK. Mother
most anxious
for news. Has
a scar on right
cheek near
eye; last heard
of in Hymers,
Ontario. See
photograph.

8502. WING, HERBERT. Age
25, height 5 ft. 7 in., English,
stoutly built; fair complexion;
blue eyes; fair hair; came to To-
ronto seven years ago; not
heard of since. Tatoo of a girl
on the arm. Mother now in To-
ronto, anxious for news.

8481. RAINEY, ROBERT. Age
26, height 5 ft. 8 in., dark hair,
came to Canada four years ago;
last heard of three years ago at
Raleigh, Ontario. News wanted.

8491. SILK,
THOMAS

JOHNSTON,
son of Phila-
delphia Silk,
was widower
when last
heard of. His
sister Adelaide
and son are
most anxious
to hear of him
either dead or
alive. See
photograph
which was
taken many
years ago.



8480. PLUMSTED, WILLIAM
GEORGE ROBERT. Age 30, tall,
dark hair, came to Canada Jan-
uary, 1908, wrote from Toronto
March, 1910, which was the last
heard of him. He was an en-
gineer's assistant. News wanted.

8336. JOHNSTON, ROBERT
HENRY. Age 28, height 6 ft.,
dark brown hair, dark eyes, dark
complexion, brush-maker, Eng-
lish. Last heard of at the Temis-
kaming Mine, Cobalt. News
wanted.

8400. ANNESS, ARTHUR. Age
40; Canadian; height 5 ft. 8 in.;
fair complexion; light brown
hair; dark blue eyes; single
when last heard of. Was then
in Vancouver twelve years ago.
News wanted.

8505. BAR-

RETT, MRS.

WALTER,

missing since

June 10th,

from Hoche-

laga, Que. Age

26, height 5 ft.

3 in., rather

stout, brown

hair, blue

eyes, red burn

mark on right corner of mouth,

one eye-tooth missing, rings on

both hands, wearing black skirt,

white blouse, brown boots; has

with her a baby aged sixteen

months, with fair hair and blue

eyes. News wanted. See photo-

graph.

8478. RICHARDSON, KARL

KRISTIAN, or CHARLES, Nor-

wegian. Age 35, medium height,

fair; last heard of in January,

1910, in Ketchikan, Alaska. Has

worked in the mines for a num-

ber of years. Aged mother an-

xious.

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